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# Jingles AND Rhymes

Caroline Starr Morgan



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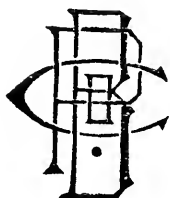


# Singles and Rhymes for Nursery and Playroom

By

Caroline Starr Morgan

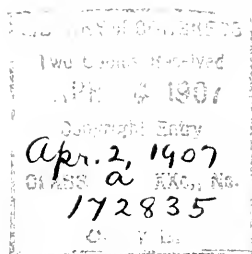
*Author of "Ways that Win," "Marmaduke Multiply  
Stories," Etc.*



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**CAROLINE STARR MORGAN**

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

TO

"BETTY"

BY

## HER AUNT CARRIE.





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# JINGLES AND RHYMES

## FOR NURSERY AND PLAYROOM



### THE SWINGING SONG.

Swing, my baby, swing away  
In your little hammock gay.  
'Neath the sunshine, 'midst the flowers  
Perfuming the summer bowers.  
You're the sweetest flower of all,  
Daisy, well we did you call.  
    Swing, my baby, swing away,  
    In your little hammock gay.  
    Mamma's darling, papa's pet,  
    Yes, we're caught in baby's net.



### BAKER'S MAN.

Fly-away, fly-away, Baker's man,  
Bring us some cookies as quick as you can.  
Baby's so hungry she thinks she will starve,  
She has her teeth ready the cookies to carve.  
    Fly-away, fly-away, Baker's man,  
    Bring us some cookies as quick as you can.

Fly-away, fly-away, Baker's man,  
To-morrow please bring us some cake in a pan.  
A wee little cake, so plain and so tender  
That for it our very best thanks we will render.  
Fly-away, fly-away, Baker's man,  
Now for the wee little cake in a pan.

Come again, come again, Baker's man.  
Your cookies we like, and your cake in a pan.  
Next time we will try a fine little cracker,  
Just fresh from the box of some very good  
    packer.  
Come again, come again, Baker's man,  
You surely do serve us as well as you can.



## ROCKABY, ROCKABY.

Rockaby, rockaby, baby so sweet,  
Lovely and white in your cradle so neat.  
Sleep sweet, and waken when brightens the sky,  
And kindles a beam in your soft, sleepy eye.

Rockaby, rockaby, dear little man,  
Gently I wave a sweet lullaby fan;  
Longing it tries those tired peepers to close,  
Tender and pink as the leaves of the rose.

Rockaby, rockaby, angels are near,  
Bending above you to still every fear.  
Long may they linger your pathway to bless,  
As tender and dear as a mother's caress.



### THE FIRST STEPS.

One step at a time, baby dear,  
One short, little step, never fear.  
I'll hold that wee hand tight in mine,  
And walking you'll think is quite fine.  
See, Willy is waiting for you,  
Now show us just what you can do.

Right, good, little tot, I must say.  
Three steps in her own baby way.  
And Willy is laughing in glee  
Such a brave little sister to see.  
Now try it again for yourself,  
And better still do, little elf.

There, Willy is waiting, now start,  
And show him you well know your part.  
He'll catch you and give you a kiss,  
And I'm sure not a step will you miss.  
Those dear little slippers so new,  
Are ready their duty to do.

Six steps, such a fine, lovely walk!  
About it we surely must talk.  
And Willy's as proud as can be,  
And papa delighted will be.  
Such fun for the baby to walk,  
And now she surely will talk.  
We're longing your first words to hear,  
So try them, my own little dear.



### BABY AND PAPA.

Way up on papa's shoulder  
Dolly loves to ride.  
So high up there she's bolder  
Than anywhere beside.

For she's our little darling  
Just learning how to walk,  
Our dainty lark or starling,  
Who sings, but does not talk.

And papa loves the little arm  
Around his neck to feel,  
And guards her close from every harm  
That near her dares to steal.



And on his foot 'tis fine to ride  
A horse so fleet and gay.  
That travels off so far and wide,  
And almost runs away.

Her papa loves her more and more,  
And this she knows right well;  
And gives him kisses by the score  
Her love this way to tell.

She laughs and crows when him she sees,  
And claps her little hands,  
And sits a queen upon his knees,  
Held tight in love's strong bands.



### THE LITTLE KING.

He's my darling baby brother,  
You ought to see his eyes.  
And I'm sure there is no other  
So cunning, bright, and wise.  
His hair is soft and shiny,  
His mouth a cupid's bow.  
He has a funny little nose,  
And, oh, I love him so!

He's gay and happy all the time,  
And waves his little hand  
When I come running home from school  
And in the nursery land.  
Oh, no, he's not the crying kind  
That makes you want to go.  
But just like sunshine every day.  
And, oh, I love him so!

He loves me, too, I'm sure of that,  
He shows it lots of ways.  
And likes to snuggle in my arms,  
And likes our little plays.  
My papa say's he'll rule the house,  
For no one says him no.  
I'm sure he'll make a cunning king,  
And, oh, I love him so!



## TO DREAMLAND AND BACK.

Way up in the sky, the sun is still high,  
And baby must have her nap.  
Her eyes are too bright, 'tis long until night,  
So come to your dear mammy's lap.

Now cuddle up tight, and quick wing your flight

To dreamland, so near and so dear.

Good fairies will keep sweet watch o'er your sleep,

And shield you from trouble or fear.

And waken you will from rest sweet and still,

All ready for no end of fun.

And we'll ride a gay horse to Banbury Cross,

Or take to the city a turn.



## HIE AWAY, FLY AWAY.

Hie away, fly away, gay little man,

Now we will play we're a gay little span.

O'er hill and valley, up hill and down,

Out of the country into the town:

Hie away, fly away, gay little man,

Now we will play we're a gay little span.

Hie away, fly away, sweet little sprite,

Face all a-beaming, eyes all a-light,

Hither and thither, to Boston and back,

With all our fine playthings done up in a pack.

Hie away, fly away, sweet little sprite,

Face all a-beaming, eyes all a-light.

Hie away, fly away, dear little treasure,  
Tended with care and loved without measure,  
Now you are sleepy, to bed you must go,  
With a smile and a kiss, as you very well know,  
Hie away, fly away, dear little treasure,  
Tended with care, and loved without measure.

### THE LITTLE TEAZE.

Baby, baby, where are you?  
Have you run away?  
Here I see one little shoe,  
There your ribbon gay.  
Here's your doll, the ragged one,  
So precious to your heart.  
Without her you could have no fun,  
You'd never from her part.

And so I'm sure you're not far off,  
Nor mamma would you leave.  
Ah, yes, I hear that little cough,  
That little make-believe  
That tells me you are hiding near,  
Your mamma dear to teaze.  
And give her first a little fear,  
And then a great, big please.

You're such a happy, little sprite,  
My heart is ever glad.  
You're just a bit of sunshine bright;  
With you one can't be sad.  
You're glad you're found, I know you are,  
So, now, a kiss and squeeze.  
We'll happy be, with naught to mar,  
My little baby tease.



### LULLABY LULLABY.

Lullaby, lullaby, baby, my dear.  
Father is reading, and mother is near.  
Day is declining, with many a sigh,  
Bright stars are twinkling above in the sky.

Lullaby, lullaby, the sleep-God is calling,  
Babies he wants, among them my darling.  
Sleep sweet, and waken so fresh and so bright,  
When morning is beaming, and flashes the light.

Lullaby, lullaby, such sleepy eyes  
Surely should close, if you're my baby wise.  
Then you'll be ready for fine fun to-morrow,  
Happy and hearty, with no baby sorrow.  
Lullaby, lullaby, baby, my dear,  
Father is reading, and mother is near.

## THE LITTLE RASCALS.

Jimmy and Timmy are happy and hearty,  
Fat little twins, a rollicking party.  
Ready for romping, for mischief, for pleasure,  
Longing for frolic and fun in full measure.

And Jimmy and Timmy are like as two peas,  
And love nothing better than Molly to tease.  
So when she calls Timmy, then Jimmy will come.  
And when she wants Jimmy, then Timmy's the  
one.

"You're real little rascals," she laughingly cries,  
"And I fear I must buy me a new pair of eyes.  
Or tattoo a gay mark on one or the other,  
To show who is who, this one or another."



## LONELY DICKY.

Poor little Dicky, his mother is dead,  
And he's feeling so sick and so bad.  
He misses her hand on his curly head,  
And his heart is so lonely and sad.

Poor little Dicky, he cries for his mother,  
Her petting, her sweet, cheery smile.  
For in the wide world he knows there's no other,  
His sorrows and woes to beguile.

Poor little Dicky, we miss you so sadly,  
Come, and we'll comfort your heart:  
Play all your games, and give you so gladly,  
The nicest, the very best part.



### THE RUNAWAY.

Willie had been naughty,  
Had run away from school,  
And skipped off to the brookside,  
Which was against the rule.

And there he slipped and stumbled,  
And splashing fell right in,  
Which gave him a good sousing,  
And wet him to the skin.

And when he scrambled out in haste,  
Frightened, and full of pain  
He whispered, with a little cry,  
He'd not do so again.

And I'm quite sure he kept his word,  
For 'tis no fun, you see,  
To think you're drowned, or nearly so,  
Whoever you may be.

**JIMMY RAY.**

I do not know my lesson,  
Said little Jimmy Ray.  
I do not feel like study,  
I'll stay at home to-day.  
I want to fix my work-shop,  
To straighten out my kite.  
To read that little story,  
And sail my boat so light.

"You've time to learn your lesson."  
Said Jimmy's mother dear.  
"Your teacher will expect you.  
There's no room for you here.  
A boy must work and study,  
And show he has some will.  
Then play will seem the dearer,  
And he his place will fill."

**DARLING ROVER.****BOBBY.**

Rover Rover, where are you?  
I have looked the whole place through.  
And you answer not a word,  
Though I'm sure my call you've heard.



Rover, have you skipped away  
With some other boy to play?  
Having fun, while I'm so lonely,  
Longing for your presence only.

Rover, he won't care for you,  
Like your faithful Bobby true.  
Come, oh, come, I miss you sorely,  
And you know I love you dearly.

ROVER.

Bobby, Bobby, I'm a-coming.  
With my four legs all a-running.  
Not a happy time I've had,  
But a little story sad

Now must tell; how Jimmy Scovil  
Made me lots and lots of trouble,  
Tied me, beat me with some sticks,  
Because I would not show my tricks.

But I sprang, and with a dash,  
Broke the cord, just like a flash.  
And the brook and fences over,  
Here's, once more, your darling Rover.



## THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

Our Johnny says he wants to be  
A soldier brave and true.  
To have a sword, a fight to see,  
And wear a suit of blue.  
He'd like to be a Colonel brave,  
A splendid horse to ride,  
And fight his country's life to save,  
With heroes side by side.

So Johnny marches up and down,  
A broomstick for his gun.  
And twists his face into a frown,  
And tries to look right stern.  
For fiery horse he rides a cane,  
And beats his drum so loud.  
And plays that bullets round him **rain**  
From out the dark war cloud.

And in the yard he has a **tent**,  
Just like a soldier, sure.  
To live in it he is intent,  
And hardships to endure.  
His papa says 'twould be great **fun**  
In weather fair and fine,  
But cold or wet, he'd cut and **run**  
Nor as a soldier shine.

THE SCOLD.

I hate old Tommy Brown,  
He thinks he owns the town,  
And likes to scowl and frown,  
And scold us roundly.  
He says boys are no good,  
He'd rou. us, if he could,  
And send us where we would  
Be locked up soundly.

But boys just have to be,  
And make a noise, for we  
Are made that way, you see,  
And own it gladly.  
And some day we'll be grown,  
And then old Tommy Brown  
Will hardly dare to frown,  
On us so sadly.



THE CHERRY PIE.

Oh, mother, dear, see here, see here!  
Some cherries for a pie.  
So red and round, right on the ground,  
I spied them with my eye.

And up the tree I long to go,  
For there there are so many.  
We'd live on cherry pie, you know;  
But when I told Dick Denny

He laughed, and said, 'twould make **us ill**,  
But I don't think it would.  
And I would like the house to fill  
They are so sweet and good.

A cherry pie! a cherry pie!  
I'll run and tell the story,  
And then I'll climb the tree so **high**,  
'Twill cover me with glory.



### JACK'S WISH.

I'd like to be a kite,  
And fly way out of sight,  
Up in the deep blue sky.  
I wonder how 'twould be,  
Nothing around to see,  
Away up there so high.

What fun to skim about,  
And whisk both in and out,  
Far up above the clouds.  
And downward looking, far **below**,  
Perhaps see rain, or even snow,  
And men and boys in crowds.

But there I'd want to stay,  
Nor earthward take my way,  
    With a wild rush and whirl.  
But live my life, so gay,  
And float, and flash, and play,  
    Though winds around me swirl.



### AWAY TO THE WOODS.

To the woods let us go,  
There's such fun there, you know,  
Such climbing, and scrambling, and hiding.  
Such shadowy places,  
Where one leaves no traces,  
Of running, or walking, or riding.

And then there are squirrels,  
And birds, bugs, and beetles,  
With lots of new, curious things.  
And the trees sing a song,  
As the winds sweep along,  
With a rustling as if they had wings.

And there's moss for a carpet,  
And knots for a target,  
If our shot guns we'll carry along.  
And we'll rest, if we choose,  
Or take a short snooze,  
If we tire of our play and our song.

## THE SKATING PARTY.

Out in the bright moonlight,  
On the pretty lake,  
We will go a-skating,  
And our pleasure take.

Try some fancy figures,  
New ones, one or two,  
And racing, skimming, flying,  
Just show what we can do.

And if the girls go with us,  
Astonished they will be.  
But we will teach them something,  
For they learn quick, you see.

And with the ice so solid,  
The moon so bright and full,  
The boys and girls quite in the mood,  
There'll be no minute dull.

Jack Frost's to-night so nipping,  
We must be on the jump.  
For he'll be on the lookout  
To freeze us in a lump.

But we'll be quite too lively,  
Nor give him e'er a chance.  
And after all our frolic,  
We'll wind up with a dance,  
And play we're elves and brownies,  
Beneath the moon's bright glance.

LOTS OF FUN.

Limmery, lammery, lummary, lomp,  
Now we will have a good big romp.  
In the barn there'll be none to molest or to teaze,  
And we'll hurry and make all the noise that we  
please.

Lammery, limmery, lummary, lomp,  
Now we will have a good big romp.

Lammery, limmery, lummary, lide,  
Now we will have a rollicking ride,  
Over the hills and far away,  
In the sunshine and shade of the summer day.

Limmery, lammery, lummary, lide,  
Now we will have a rollicking ride.

Flinmery, flammery, flummery, flawlk,  
Now we will have the long-talked of walk.  
Deep through the woods, and down by the brook,  
For pebbles, and mosses, and flowers we will  
look.

Flimmery, flammery, flummery, flawlk,  
Now we will have the long-talked of walk.

Flinmery, flammery, flummery, flance,  
Now we will have a gay little dance.  
Fly-about, glancing, as light as a feather,  
On the velvety grass, in this sunshiny weather.

Flimmery, flammery, flummery, flance,  
Now we will have a gay little dance.

**HURRAH FOR VACATION.**

All right, vacation's here at last,  
I thought 'twould never come.  
Though school I love, I'm glad it's past,  
There's lots to do at home.  
For papa I'll be errand boy,  
And mamma help each day.  
And in my workshop find a joy  
That better is than play.  
And then my swing, and boat, and wheel,  
The woods, and lake so clear!  
The summer skies just make me feel  
That all the world is dear.

**THE CONTRAST.**

Harry's home's a palace,  
White, and fine, and great.  
Harry's clothes are handsome,  
His figure tall and straight.  
And he has loads of playthings,  
A pony and a cart,  
And does as he's a mind to,  
With all his mind and heart.



He handsome is, and knows it,  
With bright and curly hair.  
He temper has, and shows it,  
We boys don't think he's fair.  
And so we let him play alone  
And this he does not like.  
And names he sometimes calls **us**,  
And sometimes he will strike.

But Billy Brown's a darling,  
His home a cottage small.  
His clothes are never handsome,  
His figure is not tall.  
But he is fine to play with,  
He's always straight and fair,  
And seems to think of others,  
Nor for himself to care.

And he is always ready  
For work, or fun, or play.  
Nor ever sulks like Harry,  
Who's sometimes cross all day.  
So though his home's a cottage,  
His treasures few and small,  
When we have something fine on **hand**  
We always for him call.



## THE LITTLE SISTERS.

I do not like that Dicky Dean at all.  
He scolds and fusses at his sisters small.  
I wonder how he'd feel if they should die,  
And leave him to go far beyond the sky.  
Where live the little sisters I loved well,  
And miss so, with a pain I cannot tell.  
And ever for them long.

For though he seems to think he's something fine,  
And walks about as if he said "All's mine,"  
And orders round his sisters here and there,  
And never for their wishes seems to care:  
I'm sure he loves them in a sort of way,  
And dreadfully would miss them day by day,  
As I do mine.

I wish that he would kinder to them be.  
For some day he may sorry be, you see.  
And boys, I'm sure, their sisters ought to please,  
Nor hateful be, nor laugh at them, nor tease.  
How good I'd be to mine, if they were here.  
I cannot think of them without a tear,  
I miss them so.

CHRISTMAS.

If Christmas don't hurry and come  
I am sure I don't know what I'll do.  
I'm counting the weeks and the days,  
And really am quite in a stew.  
I'm longing to know what I'll have,  
If some things I have heard will come true.  
Am trying Old Santa to please,  
And find to his favor a clue.

I'm learning my lessons all right,  
At home am as sweet as can be,  
But it's hard to play good all the time,  
No fun for a fellow like me.  
So hurry up Christmas and come,  
My presents all set in a row.  
And if they are what I expect,  
They surely will make a great show.

And all my spare cash I have spent  
On presents for lots of my friends.  
And little have left for myself  
But pennies and queer odds and ends.  
So hurry up, Christmas, and come,  
And let me see what you can do.  
I'm waiting to give you my hand,  
And then will start in quite anew.

## A WISP OF WISHES.

JOHN.

I'd like to be a great, big man  
And own a fine and fancy span  
Of horses gay.  
Who'd have a grand and dashing pace,  
And win for me a glorious race  
Most every day.

JAMES.

I'd rather be a hunter bold,  
And own a clever pointer old,  
And stalk the woods.  
How fine to spy and shoot a deer!  
Or a big, stealthy bear to spear  
On lonely roads!

WILL.

I'd like to be a soldier brave,  
And fight my country's life to save,  
On bloody fields.  
And win a great and shining name  
In glory's lofty hall of fame,  
On fadeless shields.

GUY.

I'd rather far a sailor be,  
And walk the deck, and roam the sea  
From pole to pole.  
And float the flag in distant lands,  
And treasure find in glistening sands  
As down they roll.

FRED.

And I would like each one to be,  
And everything to do and see  
Both far and near.  
And so I'll well my lessons learn,  
And lots of dollars save and earn,  
Nor from the right way look or turn,  
But onward steer.



### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The boy was honest, brave, and true,  
Scorning a wrong, a lie.  
The years passed, he in favor grew,  
And caught the country's eye.  
His fame spread far, from shore to shore  
Undimmed by spot, or stain,  
And honors countless, more and more,  
Were heaped upon his name.

He loved the land he fought to found.  
He loved the God above.  
His thirst for freedom naught could bound.  
It had his heart's deep love.  
On freedom's altar all he laid  
And felt it joy to do,  
And well, indeed, was he repaid,  
With glory great and true.

He saw within his vision clear  
A country free and great.  
And wisely, and without a fear  
Risked scorn, disaster, fate.  
He won, and lo, a Nation born,  
A land of promise fair.  
The dawning of a glorious morn,  
That all the world might share.

And when his birthday glad comes round,  
We welcome it with joy.  
And cheerily his praises sound  
For he was once a boy.  
Like us, he school and lessons had.  
Like him we'll love our land.  
And to its laurels strive to add,  
With faithful heart and hand.



### SPRING IS COMING.

TEACHER.

I found it out in the meadow to-day  
This violet, bright and blue.  
It tells us a tale of the spring, you know,  
A tale that will soon come true.  
The trees are a-budding, the grass is a-spring-  
ing,  
The brooklets all merrily run.  
And each is as busy as busy can be,  
Just smiling up at the sun.

FIRST BOY.

"And when will the woods be all shady and  
green,  
The trees full of birds and of song?  
And when can we play with our kites and our  
balls,  
And out of doors stay all day long?"

SECOND BOY.

"We're tired of the snow and the cold and the  
house,  
And long for the field and the meadow.  
For races and romps, and tramps through the  
woods  
In the sunshine and the shadow."

TEACHER.

Be patient, the days are much longer, you see.  
The woods soon in green will be dressed.  
And your games and your plays will all have  
their place,  
And each into service be pressed.  
The sky is so smiling, so cloudless, so blue,  
We're happy as happy can be.  
For winter is over, the spring is right here,  
And the summer we almost can see.

**SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.****MARY.**

I love the yellow sunshine,  
So sparkling, gay and dear.  
It makes the world just lovely,  
The school room bright and clear.  
The teacher seems right jolly,  
The lessons never dull.  
Oh, if 'twere always sunshine,  
We would of joy be full.

**KATE.**

Oh, yes, the sunshine's lovely,  
With sky so clear and bright.  
But I enjoy the skimming clouds,  
That make a changing light.  
Sometimes they look like mountains,  
Piled up so high and vast.  
Sometimes like snow, or lace, or down,  
But quickly they are past.

**GEORGE.**

And I just love the coming storm,  
The thunder rolling deep.  
The roaring winds, the groaning trees,  
The lightning's fiery leap.  
And though I'm just a little scared,  
I love it all the same.  
The noise is something grand, you know,  
The sky sometimes a-flame.



JOHN.

I tell you what, I'm ready  
For sunshine, clouds, or storm.  
We would not want just one alone  
Nor our own plans to form.  
For what one wished, another wouldn't  
All things would criss-cross go.  
So let us take them one and all,  
And happy be, heigh ho.



### WHAT MAMMA SAYS.

KITTY.

Oh, mamma, when will summer come?  
I hate the winter days,  
So cold and short, so bleak and bare,  
I long for summer's ways.

GEORGE.

Oh, Mamma, no, she's wrong, I think,  
I love king winter's reign.  
The ice and snow, the skates and sleighs  
To me are all clear gain.

MARY.

But mamma, dear, the spring's so sweet,  
The air so soft and mild;  
Its budding trees, its springing grass,  
Its flowers profuse and wild.

DICK.

Still, mamma mine, I'd take the fall,  
Its nuts and apples red.  
Its evenings long, its cheery fires,  
My soft and downy bed.

MOTHER.

All right, my children, each is fair,  
And filled with dear delights.  
'Twere hard to choose, we love them all,  
Their choice and varied sights.

'Tis God gives all, and each has place  
In Nature's wondrous book.  
We'll thank Him for His bounteous gifts,  
As up to Him we look.



### A SIMPLETON.

Kitty wanted day by day  
To be free as air.  
For she was a fly-away,  
Without a thought or care.

At morning light, at noon so bright,  
She still on play was bent.  
And frowned a bit when every night  
She to her bed was sent.

"I wish there was no night," she cried,  
No going to one's bed.  
No stupid school, no teacher wise,  
No study for one's head."

"And then a simpleton you'd be,"  
Said Jack, her clever brother.  
"I'd rather know a thing or two,  
And try to please my mother."



### MAMMA'S PUG.

My mamma hardly thinks of me  
When Fidget is around.  
For he's her darling pug, you see,  
And frowns, and scolds, and barks at me,  
When she upon me smiles.

He rests within a basket fine,  
Or cushioned at her feet.  
And when with him the air she'll take,  
She does it for his own dear sake,  
And has me stay at home.

I sometimes wish he'd run away,  
And never more come back.  
Perhaps she then would think of me,  
And I perhaps her pet might be,  
And have a happy heart.

## THE LITTLE DANCER.

"I'm a dancing girl," she said,  
The pretty little maid.  
"And I shake my cymbals sweet  
To the glancing of my feet.  
And I save my nickels rare  
With my mother dear to share."

"But they're nearly at an end,  
So please my prayer attend.  
And my silver bells I'll ring,  
And a Spanish carol sing.  
And I'll pray a little prayer  
That sorrow may you spare."

So she shook her cymbals sweet  
To the glancing of her feet.  
And sang her Spanish song,  
Its echoes lingering long.  
And her face was all a-light  
When she saw the nickels bright.  
For we gave her all we had,  
Her story was so sad.

THE TOM-BOY.

"Yes, I like to be a tom-boy,"  
Said little Kitty Wild.  
"I hate these milk and water girls,  
Who're ever meek and mild.  
They always have to sit just so,  
To dress in quite the style,  
To have smooth hair, and proper be,  
With little fun the while."

"I like a lot of things to do,  
That boys know all about,  
To scorch and climb, and boat and fish  
The things our mamas scout.  
I'm sure I should have been a boy,  
In trousers and in cap,  
Then at these little proper girls,  
My fingers I would snap."



"LITTLE MISS MUFFET."

The little Miss Muffett,  
Who sat on a tuffett,  
And ran from a spider away:  
Is a comfort to me,  
For of spiders, you see,  
I really have no good to say.

They just make me shiver,  
And all over quiver,  
With a crawling right straight up my back.  
And I jump in the air,  
Or on to a chair,  
Or into another room pack.

So little Miss Muffett,  
Who sat on a tuffet,  
I always will take well your part.  
I'll stand for your friend,  
From now to the end,  
And give you a piece of my heart.



### "LITTLE BO-PEEP."

Little Bo-peep, did you love your sheep,  
And feel bad when you could not find them?  
When they came back at last, springing over the  
gras.,  
With care anew did you mind them?

Little Bo-peep, did your little lambs sleep  
When again they back to you came?  
Did they lie down so light, and close their eyes  
tight?  
Or were they too weary and lame?







Little Bo-peep, pray, careful watch keep,  
Lest they from you again try to stray.  
For they think it's great fun to scramble and run  
Way off on a bright summer day.



### THE MOUSE AND THE CLOCK.

The little mouse is grey,  
And he seems to know the way  
To the shelf and closet neat.  
I wonder if 'twas he  
Who, the fine old clock to see  
Scrambled up it with his feet.  
"Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock."

Too bad the clock struck one  
And spoiled the mousie's fun  
In that little trip so fine.  
For he wanted much to see;  
A learned mouse to be,  
And had planned to stay till nine,  
"Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock."



## THE DEAD BIRD.

The little darling's dead,  
Too bad!  
We'll lay his form so light,  
On something soft and white.  
And lightly near him tread,  
And flowers place at his head.  
We'll miss his lovely song,  
Its echoes lingering long;  
And we shall lonely be,  
His vacant place to see  
So sad!



## JENNY'S LIE.

Jenny was so sorry,  
She had told a lie.  
And she could but worry,  
And blush and grieve and cry.

For it had trouble brought her,  
And she knew 'twas wrong.  
But it a lesson taught her,  
A lesson lasting long.



## THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

Little Miss Slattery  
Cares but for flattery,  
Pretty and sweet to be told that she **is**.  
    Soft, shiny, curly hair,  
    Blue eyes, and skin so fair;  
    Quite a fine lady air,  
    This is her boast.

And right sweet can she be,  
Smiling and fair to see,  
When it her fine little ladyship suits.  
    Then she expects to hear,  
    Charming her listening ear,  
    "Isn't she sweet and dear?"  
    All her friends say.


But she as well can scowl,  
Fret, fuss, and all but growl,  
When sad little crosses her fine plans upset.  
    Then no more praises sweet,  
    No honeyed words so neat,  
    Only the scolding meet,  
    Which she deserves.

## KATY'S PARTY.

Katy had a party,  
'Twas a grand affair.  
All her dolls were trotted out  
And furbished up with care.  
For it was her birthday,  
She was ten years old,  
And wanted lots of fun to have,  
Although the day was cold.

And boys and girls in plenty  
Made such a pretty sight.  
And each one was quite ready  
To play the games so bright.  
And Katy thought of nothing  
But all her guests to please,  
And all things went right smoothly  
While nothing came to tease.

The dolls behaved quite finely,  
The rooms were bright and warm—  
The supper was "just lovely,"  
And all things had a charm.  
The boys and girls told Katy  
A splendid time they'd had.  
And wished her many birthdays,  
Each one to be as glad.



## PATTY'S DANDY.

Our Dandy's a pony, as handsome as good,  
And he lives in a fine little stable of wood.  
And carries around in a gay little cart,  
A gay little lady, Miss Patty McHart.

Now Patty loves candy, and Patty loves Dandy,  
And Dandy as well loves both Patty and candy,  
And eats from her hand, from her fine box of  
Huyler's,  
Which she bought with her money at old Mr.  
Schuyler's.

But sad to relate, 'twas so sweet and so handy,  
They both ate too much of the fine Huyler's  
candy.  
And Dandy fussed round, with a groan and a  
grumble,  
And Patty lay down, with a toss and a tumble.

"You're a real little dunce," laughed Patty's big  
brother,  
"And deserve all you've got, as I just said to  
mother.  
A whole day of candy; you thought it was jolly,  
But now you have learned 'Twas a great piece  
of folly."

"Oh, yes," moaned poor Patty, "next time I'll  
know better,  
And now I must write my poor Dandy a letter.  
I'm sorry I made him such trouble and sorrow,  
But I'll love him and pet him the more all to-  
morrow."



### NAMING THE DOLL.

I will not call her Polly,  
It surely would be folly,  
When she's so grand and fine.  
It might be Araminta,  
But, really, to Dorintha  
I surely do incline.

She's a lady born, you see,  
And well deserves to be  
Quite suited with her name.  
Oh, yes, it pleases me,  
Dorintha it shall be,  
It fits so well,  
And sounds so swell.



### THE PARIS DOLL.

Marguerita Adeline,  
Who has such a doll as mine?  
With her very fine complexion,  
And her very high connection,  
And her price, so very dear,  
And her trip from Paris here,  
She will cut a swell,  
And great stories tell.

For she is a beauty rare,  
Sky-blue eyes, and golden hair.  
With a figure quite perfection,  
And a wardrobe for her station.  
All the girls will envy me,  
When her beauties choice they see.  
And Kitty's doll will hide her head,  
Perhaps will even go to bed.  
She'll feel so bad,  
And look so sad.



### FIDO AND DIDO.

I love you, dear Fido, I hardly know why,  
For you are no beauty, no more than am I.  
And Polly's fine Dido turns up her snub nose  
At you and at me till I blush like a rose.

For Polly's a beauty, with ringlets and dimples,  
While my hair is straight, and my face has some  
pimples.

And Polly's a lady, with clothes, oh, so fine,  
While I have to work, and have little that's mine.

And Dido, so stylish, has color and air,  
And barks, with a sniff, at a dog that's not fair.  
But as to his life, what with comfits and dainties,  
He groans every day with his hard little pain-ties.

But we, my dear Fido, both gay are and jolly,  
Though hard is our lot, and we're scorned by  
Miss Polly.

Perhaps she would like, as we do, a ramble,  
And what Dido needs is a tough little scramble.

And so, my dear Fido, while happy and hearty  
We'll envy no swells, nor high-flying party.  
But joyfully take all the kind Father sends us,  
And be cheerful and glad all the days that he  
lends us.



## THE FIREFLY.

Firefly, firefly, please let me know  
Where you have come from, whither you go.  
How that wee little spark, so clear and so bright,  
Shines week after week in the soft summer night.



Little girl, little girl, happy I fly,  
Hither and thither, I cannot tell why.  
Glad when my little spark kindles to light,  
In the dusk and the gloom of the soft summer  
    night.

Where do I come from? I do not know.  
Perhaps *you* can tell, I wish it were so.  
Where do I go to? I cannot say,  
But happy I am each bright summer day.



### KITTY BLACK AND BETTY BROWN.

Kitty, kitty, kitty mine,  
Let me smooth your fur so fine.  
Soft as satin, black as jet,  
Oh, you are a darling pet.

And you sing your little song,  
Loud or low the whole day long.  
Rolled up like a downy ball  
On your cushion in the hall.

Or you chase your frisky tail  
Round and round, but ever fail  
It to catch, or snatch, or hold  
With your little paws so cold.

Or you race, and jump and scramble,  
Leading me a pretty ramble,  
Round the house, and in and out,  
Up and down, and all about.

Or you spy a tiny mouse,  
And then set out to clear the house  
Of the little sly invader,  
Whom no one wants to sit beside her.

Or up a tree you wildly dash,  
And then your little playmate rash  
Scrambles up as best she may,  
Happy there with you to stay.

Then from her high and leafy nook  
She downward casts a scornful look,  
And all the world may smile or frown  
On Kitty Black and Betty Brown.



### THE DANCE.

Hippity, hoppity, here we go,  
Dancing merrily, so and so.  
Up and down and in and out,  
Round and round and all about.  
Day so bright and air so sweet,  
For these summer pleasures meet.  
Hippity, hoppity, here we go,  
Dancing merrily, so and so.

Hippity, hoppity, now's *your* turn,  
For it I am sure you yearn.  
Now you please must look at me,  
Place your feet just so, you see.  
And with swinging motion light,  
Hold your partner's hand quite tight.  
That's the way, you do it well,  
And you like it, I can tell.  
    Hippity, hoppity, here we go,  
    Dancing merrily, so and so.

Hippity, hoppity, all together.  
On the lawn in this fine weather.  
Happy-hearted, all a-singing,  
To the winds all care a-flinging.  
Dancing gaily, in and out,  
Round the house and all about  
    Hippity, hoppity, here we go,  
    Dancing merrily, so and so.



## FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

It's a five o'clock tea,  
Dear Dolly, you see,  
    And it must be done in style.  
With biscuits and wafers,  
And gay tinted tapers,  
    And chocolates at hand all the while.

I've heard mamma say,  
In her very fine way,  
That five o'clock teas are a bother.  
But she has them the same,  
And they never seem tame,  
But one very much like the other.

And small girls, as well,  
Must the fashion tide swell,  
And show that they know what to do.  
My mamma says it's fine  
In society to shine,  
And so I will believe it, will not you?

So a five o'clock we'll have,  
And our bows and smiles will save  
Quite in plenty all to charm and please.  
And we'll air our Paris gowns,  
And dispense with all our frowns,  
Though Daddy, Jack, and Harry, will us teaze.



### THE LITTLE FANCY COOK.

"What fun to be a cook," said Fanny Ray.  
"I'd chocolate cake and doughnuts have each day.  
And buckwheat cakes and maple syrup sweet  
To all my friends for breakfast I would treat.

"I'd home made candy on my table keep,  
And take a bite each night before I sleep.

And milk I'd change to soda water gay,  
Nor let ice cream be missed a single day.

"No stupid bread and butter would I have,  
And crackers to the poor I'd always give.  
And apples into figs and dates should turn,  
And hominy and rice I'd always burn.

"And pies and cakes, and jams and jellies rare  
With all the boys and girls I'd gladly share.  
What fun to leave all dull old things behind,  
And dainties new on every side to find!  
Oh, yes, I'm sure a fancy cook I'll be,  
I've made my mind up, as you all will see."



### THE BUSY BEE.

I'm a little busy bee,  
And I haven't time, you see,  
To play and run about.  
I must seek the loveliest bowers,  
And sip the sweetest flowers,  
And pleasures scout.

For I must honey make  
For the dear children's sake,  
Who love it dearly.  
So I right hard must work,  
And nothing ever shirk,  
You see it clearly.

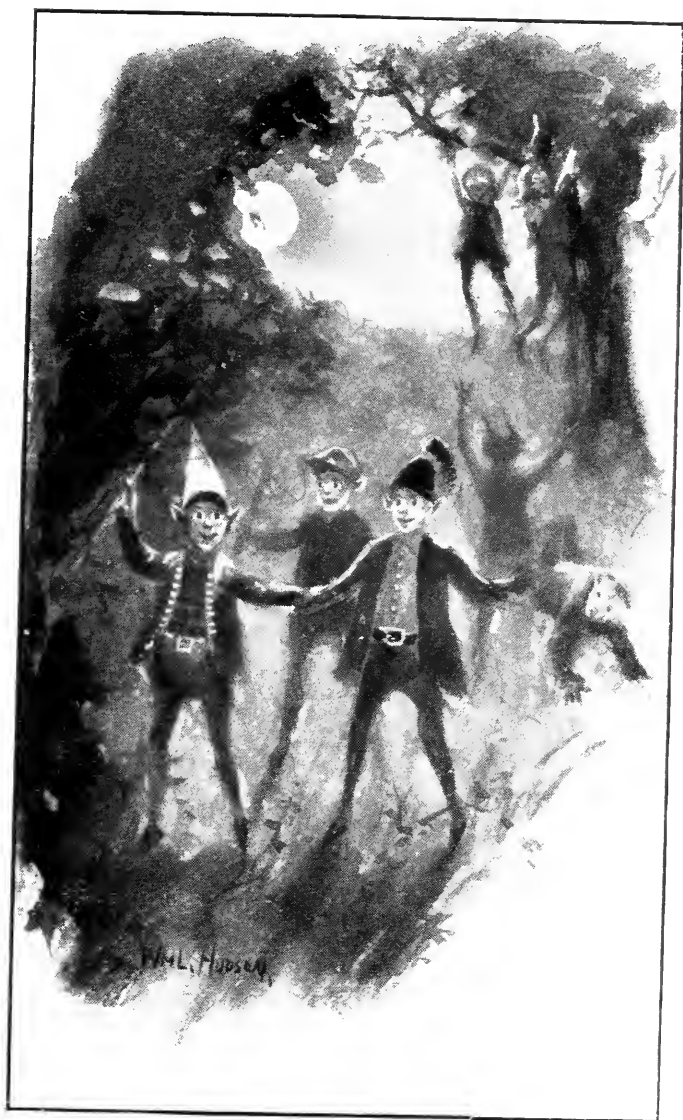
And you to school must go,  
And learn to read and sew,  
And sums correctly do.  
Then you'll know how to work,  
And nothing ever shirk,  
And happy be and true.



### THE BROWNIES.

We're some little brownies gay,  
And we pass the live-long day,  
And have our own sweet way,  
In the woods.  
And we nestle in the trees,  
Or sway with every breeze,  
And polish, if you please,  
Our fairy swords.

For we sally forth at night,  
In the moonshine soft and bright,  
The very sort of light  
That we love.  
And we guard the children's sleep,  
And sweet watch o'er them keep,  
Lest troubles near them creep.  
As we rove.







When grows the moonlight dim,  
Then along the glowing rim  
Of the coming day we skim  
    Through the air.  
And play and sing and dance,  
Or break a fairy lance,  
Nor cast a longing glance  
    Far elsewhere.

For in our leafy nooks,  
We read our brownie books,  
And love each other's looks,  
    Bright and kind.  
So gay are all our bowers,  
And happy all our hours,  
Midst the wild and smiling flowers  
    That we find.



### A LITTLE LESSON.

"I'd like to be Miss Lily White,"  
    Lisped little Violet Blue.  
Or shine like Mistress Marshal Neil,  
    In dress so fine and new."  
" 'Tis hard to be a little thing,  
    Quite hidden out of sight.  
I'd like to hold my head right high,  
    And live up in the light."

But, oh, you are a dainty dear,  
 You little Violet Blue.  
 You have a place that's all your own,  
 So sweet you are and true.  
 No Lily White, nor Mistress Neil,  
 That place can ever fill.  
 So smiling keep your quiet nook,  
 And live your life so still.



### I LOVE YOU.

Phlox so red, larkspur blue,  
 You are old, but ever new.  
 Fashions come, and fashions go,  
 But you hold your own, you know  
     Year by year,  
     Ever dear.

Mamma's dead; she loved you so,  
 Right into my heart you go.  
 And I watch each summer morn  
 Till your baby buds are born  
     Bits of light,  
     Ever bright.

Phlox so red, and larkspur blue,  
 Mamma's dead, but I love you.  
 In your blooms her face I see,  
 Smiling tenderly on me,  
     Oh, so dear!  
     Ever near.

DANDELIONS.

O carpet so green  
All spangled with yellow,  
Each bright shining spot  
So just like its fellow:  
How smiling you are,  
Looking up at the sky.  
How soft to our feet,  
As o'er you we fly.

O gay little flowerets,  
We love you so truly;  
Though common you are,  
You're beautiful, surely.  
The roses and lilies  
May all have their way,  
If you still will delight us  
And with us but stay.



VIOLETS BLUE.

Fresh violets blue  
I bring to you,  
To show I'm true.  
And roses sweet,  
For mamma's meet,  
Drop at your feet.

"You little sprite,  
With eyes so bright,  
And soul so white.  
I love your flowers  
From summer bowers,  
They cheer the heart.

"And so we'll be,  
Right full of glee,  
And happy see  
The bird that sings,  
The smiling things  
That summer brings."



### THE TWO DAISYS.

Little Daisy blooming  
In my garden fair.  
Pink and white you're smiling  
In the summer air.  
You're a little beauty,  
Constant as the day.  
Doing all your duty,  
Without reward or pay.

And I love you truly,  
Dear and sweet you are.  
Blooming in my garden,  
Twinkling like a star.

But there's another Daisy  
Enshrined within my heart,  
Blooming in my household,  
Of all plans a part.

Father's little darling,  
Mother's constant joy.  
Like her little namesake,  
Gentle, modest, coy.  
Both are dainty darlings,  
Shedding light and grace.  
Making life the brighter,  
With each smiling face.



## THE QUARRELSOME PRIMROSES.

Miss Primrose Pink turned up her nose,  
At Gay Miss Primrose Yellow.  
And said, "We surely must be foes,  
For you are vain and shallow.  
Pale pinks and blues well suit my taste,  
And speak the lady fine.  
No compliments on you I'll waste,  
I scorn your vulgar shine."

"And if you please," was the reply,  
"I hate your faded hues.  
And hold my yellow head right high,  
Nor care for pinks and blues."

I love my gay and brilliant tint,  
Its sort of sunset glow.  
Of gleaming gold it gives a hint,  
And makes a regal show."

"Now, girls," piped Mistress Primrose White,  
"Your words are quite too bitter.  
'Tis nonsense, such a fussy fight,  
And really makes me titter.  
There's room for yellow, pink, and blue  
In this big out-of-doors,  
For orange, lilac, red, so true,  
In bountiful rich stores.  
You're pretty, and fill well your place,  
Though it is only small.  
So modest be, as suits the case,  
And do not think you're all."



### THE LITTLE STARS.

THE MOON.

I wish I were the Sun.  
For though I'm bright and fair,  
I long to be the one  
To rival his great glare.

I shine, but sad to say,  
'Tis but a mellow light.  
Nor brings the golden day,  
But only silvery night.

I hate to be so meek,  
With such a gentle glow.  
I greater glory seek;  
To rule the world, you know.

THE EVENING STAR.

O discontented Queen,  
With beauty fine and rare.  
You reign at night supreme,  
Without a thought or care.

We little Stars grow dim  
In your all-conquering rays,  
Nor try our lights to trim,  
To shed a brighter blaze!

But happy are and love  
Our little selves to be.  
'And you, so much above,  
A lesson here may see.

QUESTIONS.

What is sifting all around,  
Quite without a breath of sound,  
Soft and light upon the ground?  
The Spotless Snow.

What is making such a clatter,  
Such a fussy, noisy patter,  
From which all the children scatter,  
The Summer Shower.

What shines in the heaven so high,  
Gleaming in the deep blue sky,  
Like the sparkle of an eye?  
The Evening Star.

What makes the quiet night so sweet  
So radiant for the brownies' feet,  
And for all fairy dances meet,  
The Silvery Moon.

What makes the day so wondrous bright,  
The little shady nooks so light,  
And brings new beauties to our sight,  
The Glorious Sun.

Who gives us all these lovely things,  
And to our lives such pleasure brings,  
And happy makes each bird that sings,  
The Children's God.

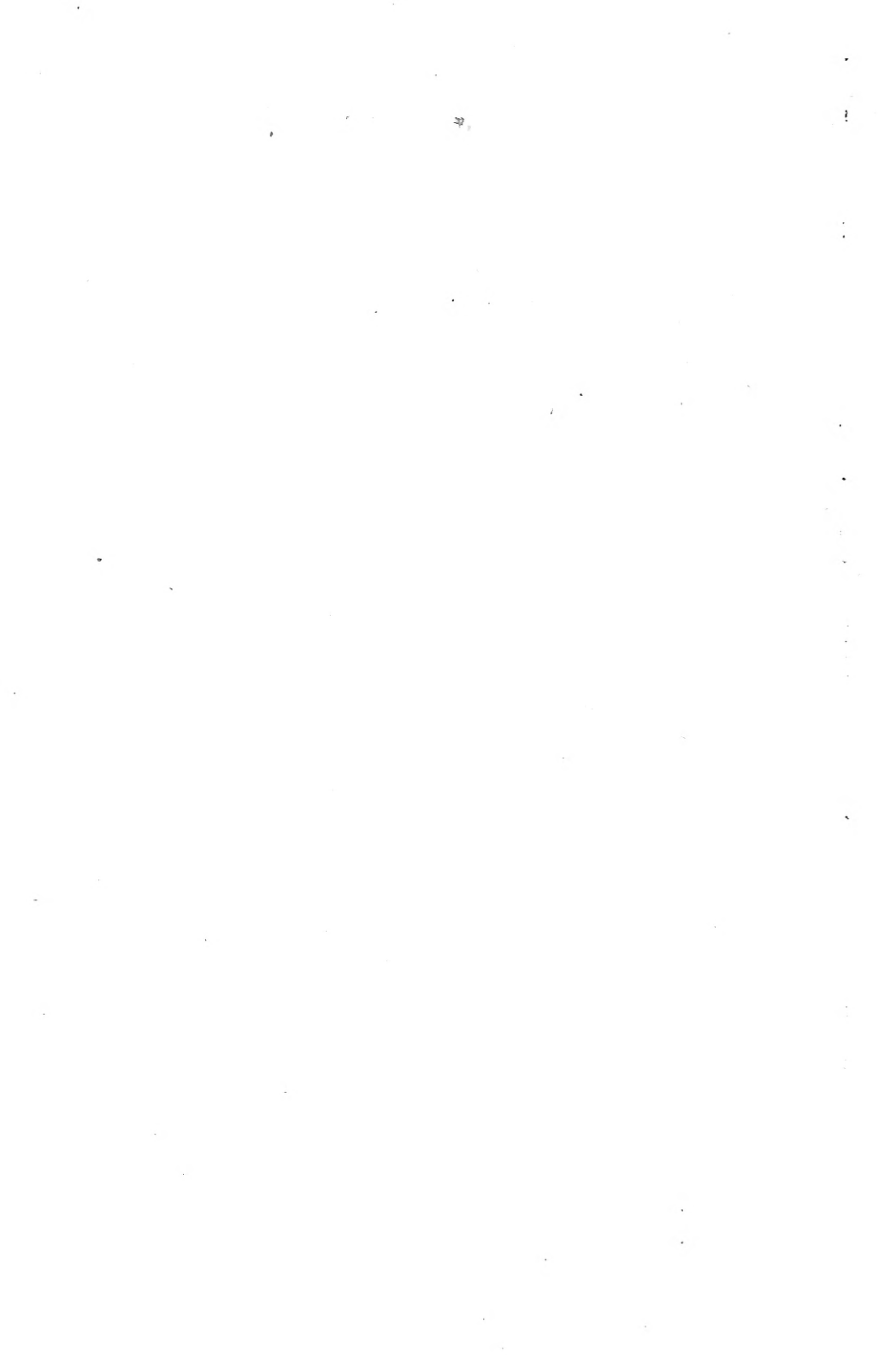


HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Good-bye Old Year, good-bye,  
Perhaps I ought to cry  
Because you're going by.  
For with you happy days I've had,  
And lots of things to make me glad,  
With little that was dark or sad.  
But still, Old Year, good-bye.

Good-day, New Year, good-day.  
I caught your first bright ray,  
And hope you will be gay.  
The Old Year was so kind and true,  
We long to find as much in you,  
And warmly greet your face so new.  
So, now, New Year, good-day.







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